

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Girl I Loved at School.

When the mellow days of autumn wrap the hills in purple haze
And the sun seems all the dearer for the shortness of the days,
Comes a lovely apparition through the mists of other years,
And I don't know why it is so that my eyes will swim with tears—
For I hate to judge emotions by the text book's rote and rule,
And I only know I'm thinking of the girl I loved at school.

Of the deepest, brownest velvet are the sweetly thoughtful eyes,
And the cheeks are like the roses that our grannies used to prize—
Not the pumpled pink blossoms that the hot-house man deals out
At four dollars for a dozen and with paste-board wrapped about—
But the dear old damask roses that would hold their tints till Yule—
Just the sort I used to gather for the girl I loved at school.

And the lips—no, not not ruby! for the coldness of the mine
Chills the jewel's burnished surface though the fiery rays may shine
In the glazing of the gaslight; fitter far do they compare
With the warm glow in you chalice; the same fragrance lingers there,
The same thrill runs through me as when on the organ stool
My lips first pressed the pulsing lips of her I loved at school.

And the form it grows distinct as the misty veil grows thin,
And the silver belt that linked her, like the All that earth retained of heaven, hisses out "Thou jealous fool!"
For I parted in my anger from the girl I And I know not if the fleeting of the purple autumn days,
Brings us nearer to the greeting at the meeting of the May
If I may not meet her till we've crossed the Stygian pool,
Yet I think that I shall greet her as the girl I loved at school.

—The Sioux City Journal.

STORY TELLER.

THE DOCTOR'S LESSON.

Dr. Ford was driving home in the twilight after working hard all day, tired and anxious as to the result of an important surgical operation performed that morning. The mud splattered up from the streets as he rolled along, and the chilling November drizzle gave to the familiar trees a forlorn, almost ghastly aspect. His heart warmed as he pictured to himself a wife watching for him, with a welcome smile, from their cozy parlor, dinner ready, and a long, restful evening before them.

But, as he drew near home, no cheerful light streamed from door or window. All seemed as dark and deserted as the dripping street. He threw the reins to the boy, whose duty was to hold the horse on his professional rounds, and flung open the door with an irritated, injured feeling.

No tender smile; no sympathetic voice; no firelight; no dinner, apparently.

"Elinor!" he called.
No answer.
"Elinor!"

This time a voice spoke out of the darkness—a tired voice—
"Do be more quiet, John; the baby is just going to sleep."

"Confound it! Why isn't there a light here? And why isn't the baby asleep before this time of night?"
"He has been fretful all day with his teeth, and I have not had a chance to change my dress."

A wailing cry from the nursery sent the voice hurrying thither, and the doctor, with some inaudible words proceeded to light the gas and take off his wet overcoat. The house was cold, the parlor had evidently been arranged by Hibernian hands, an odor of something burning stole in from the kitchen. A pleasant reception for a man after a long day's work.

He ran up stairs with no gentle footstep. His wife sat by the nursery fire, her face wore a weary expression, and she had on the same blue gown which she donned for breakfast. The baby at length slept in her arms. She held up a warning finger as her husband came blundering in, but already baby's light slumber had been disturbed and the process of soothing and singing had to be repeated for the fifteenth time.

It seemed to the young mother as if her patience could hold out no longer. It was provoking to have the little one startled from his uneasy dreams again. She had been trying all day to get down stairs to make the house pleasant with a magic touch here and there. She longed to get into a fresh gown and brush her hair, but there had been no time for her to do one of these things. Nurse was away with a sick sister, and babies always demand more from their

mothers than from any one else. They are tyrannical and know and seize every opportunity to prove their power over the anxious, half ignorant young mothers, who are happy, after all, to be their slaves. When at last the dinner bell rang Mrs. Ford laid the baby in his crib, sound asleep this time, warm and lovely in his utter repose. She gave a hurried dab at her wavy hair, caught up a fresh handkerchief and ran down to join her husband, who sat at the table with a decidedly cross look on his face. He barely tasted the soup, then pushed it away in disgust.

"Burned?" asked his wife.
"Of course. Can't you smell it all over the house? Why don't you look after Bridget a little?"

"Why, John, I have hardly been down stairs to-day."

"Where's Hannah?"

"She went to her sister's last night."

"Oh yes? I forgot. What's this? Cold corned beef? Really, Elinor, have you nothing else to offer?"

"Would like an omelet?"

"No."

"What then?"

"A beefsteak, if there is one."

Mrs. Ford rose and went to the kitchen. The girl, of course, had just filled up the range with fresh coal, so there was nothing to be done but make the best of the cold meat, potatoes and macaroni, followed by a dessert of apple pudding and cheese.

Dr. Ford found fault with the potatoes and said he was tired of macaroni, the bread was dry, and the butter not perfect. As to the pudding—

"My mother always had mince pies at this season," said he.

This was the last straw, and his wife, unusually sensitive to straws to-night could bear no more.

"It is a pity you ever left your mother."

"I think so, too," he responded, pushing his chair back.

His wife hesitated a moment whether to run around the table, and burst into tears upon her husband's shoulders or to rush upstairs and have a good cry by baby's side. She decided upon the latter course and, with quivering lip, left the room and shut herself up in the nursery, where the fire was dying on the hearth and the baby breathing softly, in strange contrast to her overwrought condition.

"Well, it is provoking. Women always must cry and fly into a passion about trifles."

But her husband, even as he thought these words, began to feel repentant. He remembered the teething baby, and the long day at home alone. In another moment he would have followed his wife upstairs and apologized for the pain he had given her. But the doorbell rang, and a summons to visit a sick man at a distance sent him at once out into the wet night. And all domestic grievances were forgotten before he had driven 200 yards.

The patient lived in a squalid part of the town by the river. The darkness seemed deeper in this poor neighborhood, the rain more soaking and the wind keener. The river swept sullenly by, a black, swollen tide, reflecting the flaring lights on the bridge. But the doctor minded this discomfort very little. He was in love with his profession, ardent and young. Besides, the despised dinner had given him new courage to fight pain and death.

He entered the one room of the low house to which he had been directed with a face quite free from impatience. A woman opened the door for him—a lean, miserable creature, with pale eyes void of expression. Her thin hair hung over neck, her calico dress fell limply over her sharp shoulders. She stared at the doctor as he entered, and he could see there were tears in her childlike eyes.

"Joe's sick," she said, slowly gazing into his face.

"What's the matter?"

"He—he's going to die, maybe," she faltered piteously.

"No, I hope not."

Joe's sick," she repeated in a whisper, shaking her head.

"Who's come?" asked a voice from a bed in the corner of the room the corner of the room.

"Nellie, girl, who are ye talkin' with?"

"Is Dr. Ford, whom you sent for," said the physician approaching the bed.

One candle lighted the untidy, comfortless place, showing a man with tumbled hair and rough beard lying among the pillows of his bed.

"Oh, the doctor," said he, with feverish eyes staring from under shaggy brows.

"How long have you been ill?" asked Dr. Ford, sitting down on a rickety chair.

"It's a week since I gave up, but I've been feeling bad a long time."

The doctor placed his little thermometer under the patient's tongue and waited silently.

"Joe's sick," moaned the girl, peering out of the shadows.

The sufferer seemed to be irritated by the repetition of these words and made an impatient gesture, but as he did so glanced pitifully at the slouching figure.

"What you most need is good nursing," said the doctor, after examining the patient.

The man's face darkened. The woman hovered aimlessly over the stove.

"She's my wife," said the sick man, hoarsely. "I know she ain't quite like other folks. But she's peaceable and good, not bold and noisy like other women. I pitied her first off; then I got kind o' fond of her. And she—"

The girl had crept to the bedside and stood there with her vacant, troubled face, fumbling with the pillows.

"Joe," said, much as a mother might speak her baby's name.

"She can't do nothing for me nor for herself," whispered the man, as he clasped one of the fluttering hands in his.

"Poor thing!" murmured the doctor.

"I can earn good wages when I'm well," went on the invalid, "and I did the cooking and kept the house tidy then. Now every thing's going wrong. She spoils all the victuals, but she don't mean to."

At this moment something on the stove boiled over with a loud hiss and filled the room with the odor of scorching milk. The girl started, then moved towards the ruined mess.

"Oh, dear me," said the sick man, under his breath. "Don't burn yourself, Nellie," he called, as if to a child.

"It's scorching, Joe," she said, the tears overflowing at last.

"Never mind, my girl, throw it away. We can get plenty more. You, see, doctor," he said, in his hoarse voice, "I can't speak rough to her. She's my wife."

The doctor sat with bent head, speechless.

"I'll send you a nurse, my man," he said after a pause. "What you need is good care. I will come again to-morrow." And with a low bow to man and wife, now clinging together, hand in hand, the doctor said good-night, and went on his way.

"Thank you, sir," called out the sick man, much moved.

The girl only started and wiped the last tear from her lashes.

Two hours later a capable, kind-hearted woman was installed as nurse in the little home by the river. She brought with her food in abundance, and comforts of all kinds.

Dr. Ford drove slowly homeward. Though it was late, a bright light shone from the parlor window as he stopped. The glow of a wood fire illuminated the room as he entered. But no one came to meet him. His wife sat in her rocker fast asleep. The lamp threw a radiance over her bronze-brown hair and one delicate cheek as she slept with her head against the crimson back of the chair. Her face wore a sweet, childlike appearance, with a touch of pathos about the lips, and her hands lay loosely clasped in the lap of her gown of soft dove color.

Near the fire stood a white-draped table holding a tempting little repast, carefully arranged. From a slender glass in the midst hung one red rose. The doctor knew she had cut it for him from her favorite plant. On a pretty plate repose the flakiest and most delectable of mince pies.

Dr. Ford stooped and kissed his wife's fair cheek reverently. She stirred, then opened her large eyes slowly.

"Oh, you have come. I am sorry I was not awake to meet you. But here's a mince pie. I sent over to your mother for one."

"Hang the pie!" cried John Ford. "Elinor, I am a brute!"

"Oh, no, dear—only a man, instead of an archangel, as I once believed you to be. But never mind. How do you like my dress?"

"It is divine, and you are an angel, Elinor. But dearest, come and sit by me. I have just been to see a gentleman. I want to tell you all about it."

FANWOOD.

Principal Currier Adds Zest to the Re-union.

PALM SUNDAY AT FANWOOD.

The Proteans—The Harris Case—Notes of Interest.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

A social reunion of the boys and girls occurred in the sitting-room of the latter on Saturday evening last. The Grand March was led by Mr. Archie Baxter and Miss Johanna Zettel. Marked improvement was seen in the behavior of those whom timidity or false pride had on past occasions forbidden to do ought but sit and stare. They readily took part in each diversion. Principal Currier was activity personified, and proved himself such an exemplary playmate that none could see him and remain idle. The evening was very pleasantly spent. After the Farewell March, the sexes separated and lined up on opposite sides of the room.

At Principal Currier's signal, the leader of the male file crossed the floor followed by the boys, and marching past him and the girls, they exchanged "Good-nights" with him and each lassie. All then dispersed.

The Sunday morning chapel services were conducted by Prof. Fox, who preached from Exodus 31:18. His sermon was followed by the appearance of Principal Currier, who desired to impart to the pupils the wishes of the Executive Committee regarding their general deportment.

Nothing impossible was demanded in the manuscript the Principal carried (which also contained rules for the guidance of all Institution attaches), nor was a single rule unjust. Disobedience would entail expulsion, while obedience would obtain favors.

On Sunday afternoon, Principal Currier eulogized the memory of the late Benjamin H. Field, and, defining in that connection an additional clause in the Lord's Prayer ("Give us this day our daily bread"), he said Mr. Field's life had illustrated this petition, as by giving spiritual, mental and physical succor to the unfortunate in founding a home for incurables, he had shown himself God's steward.

The Proteans have bought two new chess-sets, of superior appearance, for their own use. As yet, no letter from the Texas Club has reached them, and their desire to continue their game with that Club remains ungratified. Possibly the Texans failed to see our notice in this column two weeks ago, but most likely they apprehend a coup de grace in the Proteans' next move, and so refrain from writing.

The case of Carlyle Harris, convicted for the murder of his school-girl wife, Helen Potts, and who will shortly be electrocuted at the Sing Sing Prison if Gov. Flower is silent, has been exciting much interest here lately.

The majority of the pupils think Harris innocent and should have a new trial. The rest argue that he had plenty of time to exonerate himself from blame and failed, and he should die.

The Hudson Baseball Club was organized by a batch of youngsters last Thursday, and will rival the Jolly Baseball Club. Its officers are, Manager, Arthur Isquierdo; Captain, Emil Mayer; Ass't-Captain, Anton Suk; President, Stephen Hannon; Secretary, Joshua Levy; Treasurer, Harry Anderson; Committeemen, Anthony Rieff and Matthew Morrisson.

At the Park Theatre last Saturday afternoon, Messrs. Archie Baxter and Martin Glynn saw and enjoyed the performance of Wm. Muldoon's Own Company of Athletic & Vaudeville Stars.

Mr. Charlie LeClere, the deaf "Snodgrass," attended the reunion here, Saturday evening. As he did not dance, his admirers contented themselves with observing how poetically he sat.

Misses Elendence Lewis, Essie Spanton, Manie Elsworth and Mary Brantfuhr, escorted by Mr. A. Burdette Smith, attended the performance at Dally's Theatre on Monday evening. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was

the attraction. They had the pleasure to meet Mr. Henry J. Haight there. The deaf millionaire treated them to a liberal supply of French candy.

Mrs. Wm. H. Rose, Misses Martha Hasty, Mary Martin, and Margaret Boyd, dropped in for a few moments on Saturday afternoon.

Messrs. Joshua Drumm, Jacob Scharlin and Israel Wolt were among the Sunday visitors.

The son of ex-Supt. Porter was here with his wife Sunday.

The father of Oscar Wahlstrom visited him on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Allen, of the Ladies' Committee, was here Monday afternoon, as also Secretary Brown, of the Board.

The Easter Vacation begins this afternoon and ends on Monday morning. Prospective home-goers abound.

TRESMAL.

THE DEAF-MUTE MIND.

One of the most sweeping statements ever made concerning the employment of deaf-mute teachers in our institutions is that of Mr. W. Rhineland Stewart of the New York State Board of Charities. Mr. Stewart's position on this board, as we understand it, is one of honor mainly, there being little or no consideration for his services. Mr. Stewart is a very rich man, and like other rich men who have lots of time at their disposal, he has his hobby. Other rich men have fox hunting, horse-racing or yachting, as theirs, but Mr. Stewart chooses the less exciting pastime of investigating the causes that create paupers and criminals, or the best way to carry out reforms in our charitable institutions. While he may thoroughly understand how it would be for the best to make changes in the management of Blackwell's Island or the Juvenile Asylum or the Auburn Reformatory, we do not think that he understands the methods of instruction carried on in our deaf-mute schools well enough to advise the managers how to act.

One of the statements he makes, is that there exists such a thing as a "deaf-mute mind," or as the *Silent World* tersely puts it, "dummies" who ought to be got rid of at once as teachers in our schools. Where did Mr. Stewart get such ideas? Surely not from the deaf-mutes or the "dummy" teachers themselves. He must have got it from other sources, where it was pointed out to him how the deaf-mute teachers go about instructing the young recruits how to hit the bull's eye. To the investigator this way may seem wrong, but it is an old truth that the "poor" only understand the poor," and a deaf-mute teacher is the only one who understands how to bring out the latent ideas of a little deaf-mute. He knows how to go about it, where another would waste valuable time in experiments.

But our purpose in writing this is not to defend the deaf-mute teachers—they are fully capable of doing that themselves—if ever such a law as Mr. Stewart has in mind is passed, which is very doubtful, as it looks like a violation of constitutional rights.

Mr. Stewart's claim that there exists such a thing as a "deaf-mute mind" may be the means of doing a great deal of harm. He accuses a most intelligent class of deaf-mutes, in a chosen and special calling, of not being fully up to the mark. He says in so many words that a hearing teacher with no fitness for the work would be preferable to deaf-mutes as teachers, although they have been trained especially for that work.

How about the great army of deaf-mutes now fighting the battle for bread and butter in this great country of ours?

Is their work so distinguishable or of such a character that Mr. Stewart can go into a big factory employing several hundred hands, among them deaf-mutes, or take up an article and point out the characteristics that show it is the work of a deaf-mute.

Are we deaf-mutes so constructed that Mr. Stewart can go anywhere and by a special insight of "scent" tell at glance that such and such an article is the product of the brain of a deaf-mute? Can he pick out from several hundred the identical cigars made by our celebrated tobacco twistlers, or on reading a proof of sporting items in the *Clipper* or *Sporting Times*, mark off such portions of it as display the "deaf-mute minds" of our friends, Messrs. O'Brien or Rose, or can he out of a book of engravings tell which are the products of the "deaf-mute minds" of Messrs. Froehlich, Souweine, or

others of our brilliant artists and engravers, or going into the big dry goods houses of R. H. Macy & Co., Ehrlich Bros., Adams & Co., Lord & Taylor, Best & Co., Wechsler & Abraham, pick up a dress, tidy or other article which the deft fingers of our "dummy" lady friends have made, seize and wave it aloft as the product of a "deaf-mute mind." Can he? Or can he take up a book handsomely bound, and haul it aside as the product of a "deaf-mute mind."

Well, well,—we guess not. We can say, at a venture that some of the most admired possessions of Mr. Stewart, may be, for all he knows, either in part or wholly the result of the brains in "a deaf-mute mind."

The report of the State Board of Charities, is circulated largely. Almost any one who wants a copy, can get it. This article of Mr. Stewart is sure to be read by many persons employing deaf-mutes. The employers never care for an employee, except in rare instances, but for the ability he has to swell their bank account. The deaf-mutes in their employ may have, on and off, made mistakes more or less serious in their work. The reason may be that the former have not taken the proper time to give instructions, or the deaf-mute may have not really been the one who spoiled a lot of work, but some other careless workman, who ungenerously shoves the blame on the deaf-mute.

The employer, as far as he can see, finds the deaf-mute honest and faithful in his work, but from frequent accusations by the foreman and other employees, he is convinced there is something wrong about the deaf-mute, which he cannot fathom. He has his suspicions, but as he never changes the trouble to question the deaf-mute, he never verifies them. Oh! how many cases of this kind there are where the deaf-mute is made the scapegoat of a factory. His very silence seems to condemn him.

The proprietor gets a copy of Mr. Stewart's report, and the trouble is solved in a jiffy. The deaf-mute has a mind that is of a low order. He is not capable of doing superior work. Why, even he makes an inferior teacher in school, where he ought to be at his best. The employer's mind is made up. He calls in the foreman, to whom he explains the discovery he has made, and the deaf-mute is given the poorest paying class of work to do, or perhaps is "bounced," or thereafter no deaf-mute is employed there, and the foreman and other careless workmen smile gleefully, as they now know their boss will accept any accusation they make against their deaf-mute shopmate, without question. And the employer! He can't air his newfound knowledge quick enough. He shouts it out to friends and acquaintances, on the street, in the cars, and at home. Mr. Stewart has said so, and that settles it.

But why go on? What else can be expected when the principal of one school compares the pupils of a rival school to those of his, as resembling the inmates of Sing Sing, while his are compared to the dudes who patrol Fifth Avenue.

Also, a fair sample of the love that the rival teaching clans have for each other may be here stated.

At the Teachers' Convention held at Fanwood a year or so ago, the great body of deaf-mutes who were present, went off on an excursion up the Hudson one day, while the convention was in session. The hearing teachers, who were mainly oralists, held the camp. One of them, not being aware of the excursion, and who had been made the fire of what were very proper inquiries, but were considered saucy, because they were asked by deaf-mutes, and made inquiries. On being told that the deaf-mutes were away on an excursion, this person said, in a voice there was no mistaking, "Thank God, now we can do some work."

Well, since the convention, we have often wondered if any of the deaf-mute teachers knew of the irony conveyed in this remark, or in fact, were aware of it. We were not present at the convention, but have an account of it from a friend who can hear, who has no reason to, and would not, mistake facts.

If that is a pretty fair sample of the harmony existing between the two systems, it is no wonder the oralists are one too ready to stab the deaf-mute teachers in the back.

If the "deaf-mute mind" (which,

by the way, Mr. Stewart cannot define, probably because it don't exist) is so plainly seen in the work of deaf-mute teachers, why do the most experienced and successful principals retain their deaf-mute teachers. Surely, they ought to know, a great deal better than Mr. Stewart, what is good. If they could get better results employing hearing teachers, they would hasten to do so.

It may be that in some instances there are deaf-mutes employed as teachers, who should not be. Also there are hearing teachers in the pure oral schools, who are wholly incapable of their work. Therefore honors are about even.

We do not know Mr. Stewart even by sight, but know him by his deeds. Heretofore every deed of his has had the mark of sincerity and painstaking investigation. He himself confesses he is unable to define what he means, but just the same makes a sweeping suggestion based on insufficient evidence. He has, probably, done an injury to a large class of people, who being handicapped by the loss of speech and hearing have many difficulties to encounter. Why make it worse by promulgating a mere theory? Other writers on "deaf-mute reform," probably not so well posted as Mr. Stewart, will quote him liberally, and the accusation that deaf-mutes have a mind of a low order will grow as time goes on.

We pray Mr. Stewart, and other well-meaning men, to be sure they are not walking on thin ice. Such ideas are justly entitled to thorough dissection before being announced. Pastear did not shout out his discovery, because it was found to work successfully in two or three cases. Not much. It was only after tireless and painstaking investigation that he finally announced that his cure for hydrophobia was a success—and it stands as such. Because there are one or two lachry or poor teachers, or because the good deaf-mute teachers were honest enough to put their whole class on exhibition for the edification of Mr. Stewart, and not select "show pupils" prepared for the occasion, he should not condemn a whole class. The oralists certainly have "show pupils" for the reason that their schools are novelties, and they have many visitors. To facilitate matters they have certain pupils in each class, which are intended to show how the teaching is done. Of course, no deceit is (or was) intended, as persons who call out of curiosity, are not worth wasting time on in explaining this or that, so the show pupils are sufficient. Perhaps they got into the habit of this, so that without meaning it, they paraded their "show pupils" before Mr. Stewart. Of course any one would be impressed with these show pupils, just as they would be with the trained glass eater in a museum. The glass eater knows how to let their ideas flow, so as to duly impress the onlooker. Deaf-mute teachers of deaf-mutes have recourse to the blackboard. And as the deaf-mute pupils have not been paraded daily before a "gaping public," they really show just what they know, not what they were crammed with poll-parrot fashion. As to there being show pupils in oral schools, we are a living example.

We distinctly remember the day when being on show in a class in an upper floor and having made a "hit," we were promptly transferred to the highest class in the school, next door to the principal's office, on the ground floor, because it was more convenient to the mass of visitors. But, woe! how the other pupils of that class carried on, on having a "third class kid" jumped into the highest. Our exaltation was short lived.

We hope Mr. Stewart will be generous enough to thoroughly sift his theory to the bottom, and then state his conclusions. It will be only fair of him to do so, as he will find that every real friend of the deaf does not agree with him in his statements. Oral fanatics, who are blindly riding a hobby, should not be included.

J. F. DONNELLY.

Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee's Appointment.

APRIL.

2-7:30 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn, Mass.
8-8:00 P.M., Lecture in Brattleboro, Vt.
10-10:30 A.M., Preach in Brattleboro, Vt.
15-8:00 P.M., Lecture in Nashua, N. H.
16-10:30 A.M., Preach in Nashua, N. H.
22-8:00 P.M., Lecture in Keene, N. H.
23-10:30 A.M., Preach in Keene, N. H.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, Missionary,
78 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE *Hawkeye*, of Council Bluffs, Ia., in commenting upon the proposition to legislate against the employment of deaf-mute teachers in New York State, gives expression to the following "opinion":

"It is our opinion that the deaf-mute teachers of that State are doomed, and so will be those of other States, whose exchequers know no stint towards the intellectual departments of their institutions, for where an institution's finances are meagre, it will, of course, employ deaf-mute teachers for the sake of cheapness."

At the head of the editorial column in which the above appears, is the name of the Superintendent of the Iowa Institution, H. W. Rothert, and it is fair to presume that the "opinion" was penned by that individual. The position he holds in the Iowa Institution, until properly understood, may give undue importance to his conclusions regarding deaf-mute teachers; therefore, we take this opportunity to say that he has never been a teacher of the deaf, and certainly has no practical experience in matters educational, other than has been picked up while superintending the house department of the Institution that gives him employment. The Principal of the Iowa Institution is Mr. Wyckoff, and we feel sure he does not share in the opinion expressed by the Superintendent.

Some years ago there was a good deal of talk about the discrimination in the salaries paid to deaf and to hearing teachers. It was nowhere contended that the deaf were not as well qualified for their positions as the general run of hearing teachers. Yet the *Hawkeye* insinuates that the universally recognized qualification of deaf-mute teachers is merely a question of "cheapness," and that money considerations constitutes the sole reason for retaining them. Never until this day has any one had the temerity to accuse the Principals of the various institutions of such base and sordid motives for employing deaf teachers. Never until this day has such a sweeping slander been hurled at the deaf teachers of the country. The deaf teachers obtain and hold their positions for the same reason as the hearing teachers—namely, their intelligence, skill and fidelity. That their compensation is not as large as that of the hearing, is no fault of theirs, and does not prove that they do not deserve as much, and in many cases more, compensation than is accorded their hearing colleagues. Mr. Rothert will discover that it does not pay to slander a class of people, by publishing to the world such injurious and unwarranted statements as that which the *Hawkeye* contained. We hope the Congress of Teachers will take cognizance of this matter. We doubt not but the Congress of the Deaf will have something to say about it. We would like to know the reason of this war upon the deaf teachers. The deaf do not make war upon the hearing teachers. Are not the pupils of the deaf teachers a credit to their teaching? Do they not accomplish as high results as hearing teachers? If the answer is in negative, why let them go. But to claim that they should be ousted because equal work does not receive equal pay, is adding insult to injury; and although the injury may not amount to much, the insult should not be allowed to pass.

The community of New York was shocked on Saturday last by the intelligence contained in the morning dailies, which announced the tragic death of Col. Elliot F. Shepard, proprietor of the New York *Mail and Express*. His death was sudden and totally unexpected. On Friday morning, he was in his usual good health, and in the afternoon he had passed through the portals to the unknown beyond. His death was caused by the inhalation of ether administered by two of New York's most skilled physicians, for the purpose of conducting a surgical examination. It is not necessary to say that all that science could do to prevent a fatal issue was done.

Col. Shepard was well-known by the deaf-mutes of this city, and his acts of kindness toward them causes a feeling of sincere sorrow for his sudden taking off. A little over a year ago, in the Sunday School of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, he delivered a lecture on the Holy Land, illustrated by means of a stereopticon. The room was filled to overflowing, and he endeavored himself to everyone by his kind and gentle greetings to all of those to whom he was introduced. The deaf who attended the great National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held at Washington, D. C., in 1889, will remember him as an interested spectator at the unveiling of the Gallaudet Memorial Statue, under the Association's auspices. In the photograph of that great gathering, his well-known features appear side by side with those of Congressman Hitt. However, his interest in deaf-mutes was in keeping with his character. He has been actively identified with good work everywhere. Being of a deeply religious nature, he missed no opportunity to serve God and his fellow man. Some of the newspapers have referred to what they term his "eccentricities," especially in the conduct and policy of his newspaper. His ideal newspaper was one that would be free from all that was debasing—that would reflect the virtues of mankind, rather than dwell upon the vices. One feature of this newspaper is the publication of a text from the Bible, at the head of the editorial column each day. Some one remarked to him that "a newspaper was intended to print the news, not to print Bible texts." He replied that he printed the texts as news, and maintained it was news to many, because altogether too many people neglected to read the Bible. Under present conditions, his newspaper ideal may seem odd; but who can say what the future will bring forth? It may be that eventually newspapers will develop a tendency along the lines which Col. Shepard planned. That great good would ensue from such an innovation, no one will gainsay. Col. Shepard was right, and his efforts were surely directed toward a better and higher standard of civilization. He smiled at the sarcasms of contemporaries, and planted the seed that in time will bring forth fruit. The world can ill spare such men, who leave the beaten path and labor for principle and right despite the discouragements of ungenerous comment. As some one has said: "Were it not for such brave souls as these, the dust of antique time would lie unswept and treacherous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer."

WHISPERS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is Cor. Wicklow and Market Streets, Brighton, Mass.

That item in my last letter about the marriages of the blind was rather mixed. I won't lay the blame on the poor devil of a printer this time. My hasty scribbling and crabbed handwriting were more likely to blame. What I meant to say was that according to Miss Markham, there are some cases of inherited blindness among the children of those seeing persons, who have married the blind. This might have reasonably been expected from intermarriages of the blind, but not from the "co-marrriage," to use Prof. Bell's phrase, of the blind and those who are not blind. How does it help out the theory that deaf-mutes marrying the hearing are certain to have no deaf and dumb children? Perhaps Prof. Bell can explain it, but I can not.

His name will go thundering down the ages as "Dictator Dougherty." He says the appointment of delegates by his mighty highness, and council was a delicate business. Yes; very. I wonder that the great army of the Rejected do not rise up in their wrath and hurl that self-appointed committee from their proud position. What were the officers of the National Association about, that they allowed such a thing? What is the Association for? By the way, I am not a soldier in the ranks of the Rejected, and was drafted into the service of the Dictator, but that makes no difference; I am not to be bribed in that way, and I am enlisted for the war against Caesarism of any sort.

The forced shut-down of the school at North Dakota will be a bad thing for the officers, as well as the pupils. I should not be surprised if some hearing sharper in the profession should take advantage of the circumstances to impress the people with the idea that deaf-mutes are not competent as principals, and get into Mr. Spear's warm nest with his own brood. Such a thing has been done before.

A Superintendent, whose name I am not at liberty to publish—but suffice it to say he is a gentleman honored and respected in the profession—has written to me, taking exceptions to my sweeping criticism of Principals and teachers as having no sympathy with deaf-mutes who have been supplanted by hearing men as the heads of the institutions which they had built up, and were forced to give up their positions solely on the score of deafness, other things being equal. He denounces it as a dastardly and dishonorable practice to take advantage of deafness, and he has reason to believe that other Principals share the same view of the matter. He reminded me that I had never published the whole story of the affair, which is still shrouded in mystery. That, however, is not my fault. I desire to be understood only as criticising the undue advantage taken of deafness, not of incompetency, drunkenness, or want of faith on the part of deaf-mute Principals. None of these things could be charged to me. Such men came by their positions fairly as were offered the place without any underhanded intrigues on the part of their wives, and did nothing to cut out the deaf incumbents. With these men we have no quarrel: the position is theirs honestly, but the profession can not afford to tolerate others who did not come by their places honorably, and should clear its skirts of such men.

"Boheme" wonders what is the nature of Rev. Mr. Mann's illness. Perhaps Rev. Mr. McGregor's ordination had something to do with it.

Evidently New York is to be made the battle-ground of the two rival systems of education. Now is the time, if ever, for the deaf-mutes to make themselves heard in a matter which concerns them so closely. Awake! Arise! Strike for your altars and your firesides! Strike for freedom in your education! Strike out the Oral System! Only with an united ballot can you strike. Just drop a line to the Committee of the obstreperous enemy's political party, to say that such tactics, if persisted in, would cost them a thousand votes or so in the State, and the officious member of the Legislature will be promptly suppressed.

"Hereditary" bondsmen!—know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

A SWELL AFFAIR.

The Committee of Arrangements on the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Horace Mann School Alumni Association have decided upon an entertainment that will be one of the best and most unique ever given in the Hub. It will be a Fancy Dress Ball, in which the young ladies of the School will excel. The pantomime play will be a very interesting part of the programme, and much curiosity is felt as to the success of a play with Hamlet left out, that is, the sign-language. The May-Pole, garlanded with all the blooming colors of the rainbow, and the exercises around the pole, will be a new thing in the matter of amusements. What adds to the interest is the fact that a chapel or crown of flowers will be placed at the top for any young lady's admirer to climb up on the smooth, slippery pole to take down and put on her head, crowning her Queen of May. There will be refreshments served, as usual. But the most novel feature of the party will be the rule adopted by the Committee that the use of signs will be forbidden under the penalty of a fine of five cents for each violation. Only speech and finger-spelling will be allowed. The Chairman of the Committee, Miss Carrie Hudson, an artist by profession, is responsible for this rule. She is opposed to the sign-language upon æsthetic grounds, and the Horace Mann School girls are nothing if not exclusive. The price of admission to such a high class variety of entertainment has been put at the low figure of thirty-five cents.

PERSONALS.

Fred. E. Skillin, one of these nice boys, who always dress neatly and neither smoke nor drink, is now "chumming it" with Harry Babbitt on Appleton Street. They have a pretty room and enjoy their bachelor's ease in first-rate style. Fred is a confirmed bachelor, if what his friends say is true, but he is still young and may change his mind, as Fred. Stover and Mr. Abrams, the other nice boys, are reported to have done. These young men met their fate outside of New England. The Boston young ladies are wondering what special charms of witchery their New York sisters have cast over the young men of the old Bay State. "Do brains count for naught?" they ask.

Mrs. Wilbur N. Pattee will be a cripple for life in a small way, so it is believed. Her fall on the ice was a severe one, and the wonder is that she did not get anything worse than a fractured hip.

Mr. Julius F. Lang informs me that Miss Rose Brainerd, who was such a good friend to Mr. Allan Myers, of Ohio, Mr. Prince, and other students of the college, while she was a department clerk in Washington, young and pretty, is now matron of the City Hospital at Lynn, and has not forgotten the manual alphabet. This will be good news to Mr. Myers and other admirers of the young lady, whose cheeks used to rival the roses in their deep, rich carnations of color. Mr. Lang was sick in the hospital, and was agreeably surprised to be addressed in his own language by the matron. He speaks warmly of her kindness to him personally. That was to be expected from her. All she lacks is a pair of etheral wings,—a ministering angel, thou!

"Old Shoe" Butler, of Lynn, is the proud possessor of twins now grown up. As far as known, he is the only father of twin children among the deaf in New England. Who else can boast of the same things? Mr. Butler has been a widower for several years, and boards at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Burrill.

Mr. Burrill has some property of his own, and is well fixed financially. He also works at a trade and knows how to take good care of his money, which is more than can be said of a good many others.

The Lynn deaf-mutes are a rule industrious and expert at their trades in the shoe factories. As lasters, shoe cutters, buffers or fine-shoe makers, they command union wages and have steady work the year round. Messrs. Williams, Cantlin, Brazell and others, are first-class workmen and seldom get out of a job. Mr. Williams is the special correspondent of another deaf-mute paper, from the City of Shoes, and gives evidence of a good command of English, though he is by no means a semi-mute. Earning good wages as they do and working by the piece, the Lynn boys are very fond of social pleasures, and spend their money freely. They are always to be found in attendance at the large parties in the Hub.

Mr. Samuel S. Cross, of Beverly, has worked in some of the largest factories in Lynn, and could, if he had a mind to, go into the business as a manufacturer. He once invented and patented a combination pencil, comb and postage stamp case for the vest pocket, but afterwards sold out to his brother.

Mr. Bailey, sometimes dubbed the Rev. Mr. Bailey out of courtesy, is both a preacher of the gospel and a shoe-cutter. He has a fine manner of delivery, and has frequently been called upon to hold Sunday Services or deliver lectures in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Soper are comfortably situated in Salem. Mrs. Soper's brother has a steady job in a tannery shop, and as the work is rather dangerous to the health, he receives very good wages.

Mr. Burbank, a graduate of the Northampton Institute, has shown decided talent as a business man. Though living in Salem, he has a large typesetting and stereotyping or electrotyping office of his own in Boston. He once had a large number of deaf-mutes under his employ, who are now earning first-class wages elsewhere. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, Henry Acheson, Harry Jordan and others. Mr. Burbank first made himself acquainted with all the practical details of the business and then set himself up in it, and is doing as well as any one else at it.

Daniel Nichol's brother, as Chairman of the Democratic City Committee, did yeoman service at the last election, and is in a fair way to obtain the postmastership of Lynn as a reward for his work. He was at Cleveland's inauguration and no doubt made good use of his time. Dan will hold his head higher than ever and grow an inch taller.

ADVENTURES ON THE WHEEL.

Ed. Welch, the veteran bicyclist, one day was in a reminiscent mood and told an interested group of listeners some of his experiences on the "bike." He once left Mr. Mackintosh's house in Danvers after a visit, and was speeding along in the darkness when crash went his wheel against a horse and buggy, pitching him senseless on the road. Dr. Hadcock, of Beverly, who attended to him, told him it was a narrow escape for him. It was some time before he could leave his bed. He remarked that he felt as if he had struck against a solid stone wall and he saw more stars than Herschel ever did. His steed was badly wrecked in the collision. Like other knights of the wheel, he had much trouble with unmanly curs that persisted in running in front of his wheel, barking at him and otherwise showing marked disrespect for him, going so far one day as to get in under the wheel and give him a "header." After this little unpleasant experience of canine tendencies, he bought a pistol, and when out in the country with no one looking at him, he shot at a dozen of them, killing two or three, but this free use of the fire arms nearly got him into trouble on one occasion. A nervous paterfamilias fancied that Mr. Welch was coming too near his baby carriage for comfort or safety, and gave his wheel a push by which he was pitched into the street. Leaping to his feet on the double quick, the doughty champion of the rights of the road whipped his pistol out of his hip pocket and levelled it firmly at the man of family, who fairly went down upon his knees in frantic terror, holding up his hands after the approved fashion and bellowing at the top of his voice. His wife set up a loud yelling, waving her arms wildly while the baby joined its shrill treble to the concert. Alarmed by the hullabaloo that he had raised and on hastily glancing around, he saw several citizens hurrying to the scene, he jumped upon his charger and flew away for dear life. He arrived at Mr. Mackintosh's hospitable home—stead out of breath, and feeling much as a haunted criminal does. He did not dare to return home until darkness threw her sable wings over him, but no sooner did he get into Lynn than he was stopped by one of the law's guardians and he felt that his hour had come. Quaking in his boots, he replied to the "cop's" questions that he had just come from the

direction of Boston, and was allowed to go on his way, but he did not feel easy for a week or two afterward.

Talking of bicycle adventures, Mr. Henry Acheson is responsible for the following story—on Mr. Mack, of Lynn. Mr. Mack was once out on a road trip with a semi-mute young lady on a tandem tricycle. Being a passionate lover of nature, he was gazing in rapt abstraction over the scenery and did not notice the sad plight of his lady companion, whose dress was caught in the gearing wheel and nearly torn from her back. Her cries were unheeded until they came to a farm house out of which the farmer ran and stopped the wheel. Gathering up her dress as well as she could, the young lady ran into the house, and with the aid of the farmer's wife fixed it up all right. For the rest of that trip, Mr. Mack kept his eye on the treacherous gearing wheel.

FREE LANCE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. Weston Jenkins, Principal of New Jersey School for the Deaf, came from Trenton, N. J., notwithstanding the un-clemency of the weather prevailing here and there, and entertained the members of All Souls' Working People's Club with a very interesting lecture, on "Ireland and the Irish," in the parish hall of All Souls' Church. An standing vote of thanks was tendered him by the audience. He returned home soon after the lecture.

Mr. Joseph Dorfner spent a very enjoyable time visiting his friends in Wilmington, Del., last Sunday, and returned here in the evening.

Last Sunday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Koehler conducted the usual services at All Souls' Church, and paid that he required every deaf communicant of his church to observe the Lord's Supper on Easter Sunday afternoon, for it is one of the four important times of the year; and that Bishop Whittaker will confirm about fifteen deaf-mutes at the church on Sunday afternoon, April 23d, at 2:45 o'clock.

At the monthly business meeting of the Apollo Workingmen's Club, held in Southwark Turn Verein Hall a few days ago, it was unanimously agreed that the club will celebrate the fifth anniversary of its organization by having a banquet in the same hotel, on Saturday evening, April 22d, and that the name of Mr. W. G. Pownall, as well as his office of Presidency, was dropped from the membership list of the club, because he has already resigned as a member of Southwark Turn Verein, and has gone out of town for several months. Messrs. J. R. Lewis, W. F. Durian and H. Blankenshaw were appointed by Acting-President Abe Jaggard as a Committee on Anniversary Ceremony and Banquet.

Mrs. Belknap who had been very ill with the inflammation of the stomach several days ago, is reported to be recovering at present.

Mrs. C. B. Stilwell is the manager of the Branch Office of the famous Gloria Water.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of Pennsylvania, Institution for the Deaf, held last Wednesday, a resolution was adopted authorizing the Girard Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Co., to sell the property at corner Broad and Pine Streets, at a price not less than \$540,000, subject to the confirmation of the Finance Committee of the Board.

So the property of the old Institution at Board and Pine Streets was bought by Walter Cope, representing a syndicate, the price being paid, \$541,050. Mr. Cope's sealed proposal contained the highest bid, but was only \$39 in excess of that of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art.

It is reported that the syndicate intends to build a large apartment house or a number of dwellings facing the beautiful boulevard.

It is said in our dailies that the Governor of New Jersey has signed the bills authorizing the State Board of Public Education to expend \$5000 for repairs in the New Jersey Institution for the Deaf, and also appropriating \$15,000 to improve the sanitary condition and to continue the system of manual and industrial education in the same school.

The old Schaeffer, Mansion on the grounds of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf in Mount Airy is razed.

Yesterday afternoon, there was a goodly number of deaf-mutes attending, the service being conducted by Rev. Mr. Koehler at All Souls' Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Witmeyer and their son, Samuel, of Manheim, Pa., were seen at the church. They are now removing their household from there to Stamford, Conn., where they expect to live permanently. They were the guests of Mr. Henry S. Stevenson here from last Saturday until this day.

Miss Sarah Lydia Morrall, of Chester, Pa., and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, were baptized by Rev. Mr. Koehler, at the church, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. A. L. E. Crouter, Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, will lecture before the All Souls' Club, Thursday evening, April 6th.

THE RECORDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 27, '93.

Frank J. Whittle, formerly of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., is now a resident of Hartford, Ct., where he expects to work at painting.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Lecture on Aerial Navigation.

NOW FOR THE EXAMS.

And then for the Welcome Easter Vacation.

From our College Correspondent.

The fourth of the series of faculty lectures was delivered in the Lyceum, Friday night, by Mr. Ely, who took for his subject "Aerial Navigation." The lecture was extremely interesting from start to finish, and pleased those who witnessed it very much. Following is a resume of what he said:

"When and by whom the first successful flying machine was made, we do not know. Many are the stories models which were made to fly, among them being one about a Greek scientist, Archytas, who is said to have constructed a pigeon out of wood and made it fly about a room by means of hidden and enclosed air. This is the best authenticated instance, but, with all the rest, it is open to much doubt and suspicion. Not only did men claim to have made machines which could fly, but many asserted their ability to fly through the air by their own strength. Many were the foolhardy attempts made to imitate the birds of the air. Men put on wings made of birds' feathers, and jumped off of heights expecting to be able to sail through the air, only to be maimed or killed. About 680, a scientist named Borelli, calculated the strength of birds and came to the conclusion that man was not possessed of the power necessary for flight, and inventors, agreeing with his demonstrations, turned their attention to other means of leaving the earth and traveling through the air. Many ideas that seem absurd and chimerical to us of the nineteenth century were advanced. Some proposed to imprison the morning dew; having noticed that it rose with the sun, they supposed that it had some peculiar affinity for that planet. Still other substances were suggested which the philosopher of that time thought would act in a similar manner. It was at this period that the idea of the balloon began to be developed, though these ideas were, at first, entirely wrong in principle. Men thought that if they could make hollow balls and imprison the ether within, they would be able to rise. They had a very vague idea of what ether was, supposing it to be some substance which, through its peculiar properties, was obliged to remain above the very thin layer of air with which the earth is surrounded. But they were met by the difficulty of procuring the ether, and, not knowing what it was, were unable to secure it. An inventive monk was the next to make a forward step. He suggested that hollow metal spheres be constructed and all the air in them pumped out. Then, he argued, they would be lighter than the air, and would rise. Of course, the difficulty here was that it would be impossible to get a sphere which would be light enough and, at the same time, sufficiently strong to withstand atmospheric pressure. Nevertheless, this idea was a good one and had a correct principle underlying it. It remained for the Montgolfiers to take up this idea and develop it. They observed that smoke rises from a fire and, investigating the phenomena, discovered that if a paper bag be held over a fire and filled with what is given off, it would rise. This led to an experiment on a larger scale, and, in 1783, a linen balloon was made and sent up. The reason why a balloon rises was not understood at that time, the Montgolfiers and others supposing that it was due to the smoke and other vapors given off by the fire. This same year, at the suggestion of a French scientist, hydrogen was substituted for hot air. This was found to work even more satisfactorily than the other. The year was filled with experiments on balloons, and quite a number of scientists made ascents. Every ascent at that time was a great feat of daring, because of the very imperfect development of the balloon. During the next two years, no great heights were attained nor distances traversed, but in 1785, M. Blanchard succeeded in crossing the English Channel after several narrow escapes. During the next fifty years, the balloon was greatly improved. The size was increased, the cost lessened, coal gas being substituted for hydrogen, a better system of maintaining equilibrium introduced, and the valves for regulating the escape of gas during a descent perfected. During this time, the balloon was used mainly for purposes of amusement or exhibition, and it was not until the year 1862 that it was put to a use which amounted to anything. An Englishman, Mr. Glaisher, made a series of ascents and obtained a thorough knowledge of the conditions and properties of the atmosphere at great heights above the earth. Both the French and Americans have used the balloon for military purposes and found it almost indispensable. In 1880 its shape was greatly altered, taking the form of a huge cigar, and carrying machinery by which it could be driven through the air. The motion was very slow,

however, and could be attained only in a calm. This is as far as the development of the balloon has progressed, and as for the balloon itself, it has been practically abandoned, the difficulties in its management being too great to be surmounted. The generally accepted idea now, is that instead of heated air or gas, the supporting and propelling power should come from machinery and mechanical appliances in the shape of a screw-wheel propeller and an aeroplane, the latter being a thin, flat surface, which acts upon the air in a manner similar to that of a kite. It is also agreed that the screw should move at a high rate of speed rather than its blades should offer a great surface to the air. This course of reasoning was followed out long ago, and since 1867, when Prof. Pittagrew explained the mechanism of flight, a number of flying machines have been made, which were successful to a certain extent. It has been demonstrated by Professor Langley and Mr. Maxim that it requires less power to keep a body suspended in the air when travelling in a horizontal position than when it is at rest, and that one-horse power applied to the propeller of their flying machine, (which has served as a model for nearly all subsequent inventions of a like nature), is able to lift as much as two hundred pounds against gravitation. Mr. Maxim's apparatus consists of a very pointed body driven by a screw-propeller, and having an aeroplane fixed above it, the whole being fastened at the extremity of a long arm, which was made to revolve very rapidly, carrying the machine through the air at a speed, sometimes as great as sixty miles an hour. Mr. Maxim claims that he has constructed an engine, which, with fuel, water and three men to run it, weighs 5000 pounds and generates one-hundred horsepower, a force sufficient to sustain a weight of 20,000 pounds. We have reached a period when we have machines, which are able to raise more than their own weight, and, just as soon as man has learned how to properly direct the force we shall be able to travel in the air as easily as upon land.

The lecture was made additionally interesting by explanations of the various kinds of mechanical appliances used in generating the motive, steering and supporting power of the different flying-machines. Taken all in all, it was quite a treat.

It will soon be time to elect a new board of officers for the Literary Society and also a new editorial staff for the *Buff and Blue*. The latter, especially, is a matter of much importance. The present board of editors has made the periodical fulfill the most sanguine expectations, and it is hoped to see even further advancement in future years. Financially, the publication is on a firm basis; the only thing necessary to insure its continued success is the selection of a competent staff for next year. Editor-in-chief Stewart, '93, and Business Manager Seaton, '93, have made the *Buff and Blue* a magazine to be proud of, and if their successors manifest as much energy and sagacity as they have done, the *Buff and Blue* will continue to be a publication that will compare favorably with any other college magazine in the country.

The second term is now practically ended. Examinations occur on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and every one is busy preparing for the ordeal. As was stated before, the third term will begin on the following Monday and continue until the 13th of April, when the Easter vacation occurs, lasting until the 15th of the month. Those who intend to camp out at Great Falls are already making preparations.

The coming senior hop will doubtless prove the best of all that have yet been given. Pecuniary support is abundant, every one is enthusiastic over the event, and there seems no reason why it should not prove a success in every way.

Dr. Gallaudet is in Philadelphia, having been called there by the death of a relative.

F. J. B.

NOTICE.

The deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity will please take notice that on April 2d, Easter Sunday, the usual first Sunday of the month, 3 p.m. service will be omitted. They are all cordially invited to the 2:45 p.m. Holy Communion, Easter service, in St. Ann's Church, West 18th Street, near 5th Avenue, New York. It is hoped that this most interesting service, commemorating the resurrection of Jesus Christ, will be largely attended.

"A CORRECTION."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 19, 1893.
MR. EDITOR:—I wish you to correct the mistake you made in your last issue of the JOURNAL, about Daniel Webster running away with my best horse and dayton. He left home the last of January to visit friends up the country, but returned home in about ten days all right, that was as soon as I expected him home, for he generally stays two weeks and returns without being searched for.

Yours respectfully,
W. J. WEBSTER.

Rev. C. O. Dautzer's Appointment.

APRIL.
2.—(Easter Day), A. M., Holy Communion, St. Luke's, Rochester.
3.—(Easter Day), 3:30 P. M., Confirmation Service, St. Luke's, Rochester.
4.—(Easter Day), 7:30 P. M., Confirmation Service, St. Luke's, Rochester.
9.—Oswego, N. Y.

NEW YORK.

Why Does a Deaf-Mute Get Drunk?

PHILOSOPHICAL INQUISITION ON THE TRIAL OF ONE OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

Lent's Waning Days Brings Activity—Items of Interest.

(From a New York Correspondent.)

The New York *Sun* is to be credited with the above rather staggering question. It appeared in the issue of March 21st, and referred to one John O'Brien, a deaf-mute, who was tried on the day preceding in the General Sessions before Judge Fitzgerald, for assault in the first degree, in pointing a loaded revolver at Harold G. Brown, on the afternoon of March 1st, at Eighth Avenue and 125th street. The rest of the trial here follows:

Brown testified that he was walking on Eighth Avenue with his young wife when O'Brien, who was drunk, ran into him. O'Brien fell upon the sidewalk. Lifting himself partly up, he drew a new revolver. Thereupon Mrs. Brown screamed and fainted. Brown forgot all about the pistol, and turned to catch his wife as she was falling. O'Brien ran off, but was captured by Policeman Von Gerichten. Policeman Von Gerichten gave corroborative testimony. Assistant District Attorney Bedford, the prosecutor, asked:

"Did you arrest the defendant?" "Yes, sir," replied Policeman Von Gerichten.

"Well, what did he say when you charged him with attempting to kill Mr. Brown?" "Policeman Von Gerichten looked puzzled for a moment, reddened, and then smiled broadly and said: 'He didn't say anything, sir.'"

"That's one on me," said Mr. Bedford after a moment's reflection.

O'Brien took the witness stand, and Dr. John Chamberlain, an expert in the sign language, interpreted for him. O'Brien testified that he was drunk, and in his fall the pistol that he had in his hip pocket fell partly out. He put it back in his pocket. He really could not say what he carried the pistol for. He had bought it that morning in a pawnshop.

"How often do you get drunk, O'Brien?" asked Mr. Bedford.

"Well, pretty often, I admit," answered O'Brien.

"Well, what fun can you find in getting drunk?" Mr. Bedford went on. "You certainly can't think or talk to any one when you are drunk."

"Well, sir," responded O'Brien, "I find a little sport in it, after all. I usually get drunk among deaf-mutes."

The jury convicted O'Brien of assault battery, and Judge Fitzgerald remanded him to await sentence.

It is pretty well known there abide in the metropolis more than one deaf-mute who claims distinction to that beautiful cognomen.

By a peculiar coincidence three of them are registered in the directory as John. The one who figures in the above trial is known as plain John. The other two lay special-stresses on their middle names in their letters and business transactions. John Edward is a promising young pupil at the New York Institute. John Francis has his mind too much occupied to bother about revolvers, "jags," and that sort of thing. It can be safely assumed both sympathize with the namesake's sorry plight. To the "brotherhood" they hold up the possible fate as a warning on the evil of going around town loaded and carrying loaded weapons.

The elements were contrary on March 23d, but, nevertheless, over sixty-five attended the Manhattan Literary Association's lecture meeting. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet was announced to entertain with stories and sketches of his life and work.

President Froehlich made known from the rostrum, a postponement to April 20th had been decided upon. To make it agreeable for those who were present, Dr. Gallaudet related a few amusing tales, but left the best part of the collection for the postponed date. Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, W. G. Jones and W. O. Fitzgerald filled in the remaining time before adjournment. Taken all in all, the March winds outside were soon forgotten by the pleased company within.

A repetition of the many successes credited to Mr. Thomas Godfrey was enacted on Saturday evening, March 25th, at the rooms of the Brooklyn Society. The new quarters on the top floor of the building, known as Adelphi Hall, received flattering praise for its appointments. Upwards of forty or more ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. Godfrey's remarkable facility for vividly describing what he has read, was again shown on this occasion. His auditors were held spellbound from the beginning to the end of his recital of the story "Under the Red Flag," a tale of the Paris commune. Many journeyed from this side of the bridge, and the verdict of all said "very interesting."

A delegate from the Union League Club at the Chicago battle of silent orators, is broached as the cause of some discussion among Union League members.

From 137th Street East to Fifteenth Street, West, down through Central Park and the best roads of that pleasure resort, the "white horse and red-headed girl" coincidence had a revival on March 26th. Edward Shannon, who lives in the annexed district, and is an amusing sort of shap altogether, took your scribe out for an airing. The horse was white from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. The last named

appendage swished now and then against the body of a natty little rig that was of a vermilion tint. The trotter was a trotter from the word "Gep," and the way driver Shannon handled the ribbons demonstrated his acquaintances with the sport deaf-mutes hereabouts so rarely indulge in. Rounding the very first corner, as sure as this is printed, there she stood, in full Springtide regalia, her flower-bedecked bonnet matching to perfection the color of her hair.

An amused look on the faces of passers-by recalled the incident of several years back. The appearance of the outfit in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue, Fifteenth and Eighteenth Streets, caused quite a ripple of excitement among Mr. Shannon's mute acquaintances.

William Coombs, who presides over the Fanwood Quad Club in the absence of the President, has cultivated a pair of sideboards. The change in his appearance bear a striking resemblance to the late Lord Abingdon, or Squire Baird, who will be remembered as the backer of pugilist Charles Mitchell.

Large congregations were the rules at church services in St. Ann's and St. Francis Xavier's on Palm Sunday. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at St. Ann's, while Mr. Edward Reynolds spoke at St. Francis Xavier's. Easter services at both, if the weather proves as springlike as that of Palm Sunday, give promise of being largely attended.

Mr. John Lloyd has so far recovered from his late serious illness as to be able to resume his business. He will be soon setting type again, as if nothing had ever happened.

Next week's meetings of all the societies promise some interesting developments. The Fanwood Quad Club's session, this Saturday evening, will be particularly lively. A full and prompt attendance will assist an early clearing up of the large amount of business to be transacted. Some of the candidates for official honors are putting in some telling work in an endeavor to capture votes.

John Bailey who was run into and raked severely injured by a Newark Electric car a month ago, was in town on Sunday, and save for a few scars on his head, seemed little the worse for the accident.

The Xavier Base Ball Club and Senators, a strong semi-professional nine, will open the base-ball season hereabouts, April 2d. Frank Hayden covers right field for the former club. The game occurs on the Long-Island ground, beginning at 2:30 p.m. By the way, we have a surprise in store for deaf-mute baseballists, and hope to spring it on them in next week's issue.

Ira W. Tyler will spend the Easter holidays out of town, leaving on Saturday evening, April 1st.

George Walsh has again caught on in the line of the horse-car industry. He expects to become proficient as a car sign painter and interior decorator.

William Geiger proved himself an early bud on Sunday. His natty attire made would-be swells turn green with envy.

Henry Beutmann in a spring make-up that almost disguised his identity, was among the Fifth Avenue Hotel throng of deaf-mute lobbyists on the 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan, of Brooklyn, entertained, and were entertained in turn, by a company of their friends on the evening of March 26th, at their residence.

As a lover of plenty of outdoor exercise, Mr. Frank Roberts may be placed among the leaders. Not content with the exercise afforded his arms as superintendent of the Atlanta Boat Club, he has become the owner of a bicycle, and except the roadway is in very bad condition, goes to and from his home and place of business at a lively gait astride the machine.

Sheppard Knapp & Co. have been overrun with advertising solicitors through the week. Report says, if it keeps up their generosity will rise to the point, "Not to day, sir; some other day," and it will be a long time before they withdraw that polite way of dealing with customers.

"Uncle Jim" O'Neil and T. Winfred Brown make an advertising team it would be hard to beat. Our B. S. friend wears a silk tie these days, and to meet him through the week would create an impression his salary came through a government position. "Uncle Jim" has improved wonderfully in appearance. There are "no flies" on them, not by a long sight.

It is pretty well assured a baseball match between the Fanwood Quad Club and Xavier Club will transpire on Decoration Day. From the roster of both organizations, there is material enough to drive Tom Brown farther out on Long Island than his present quarters.

Mr. Drum, who used to drum the boys into line for their daily exercises at Fanwood several years ago, drummed up an interested group of those same boys, after church on Sunday. Mr. Drum and the world in general drum well together, as far as personal appearances now stand.

That deaf-mutes are well up in the interesting topics of the day was amply shown by the number of times the Harris verdict and case were referred to among them during the week.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

The deaf-mute club at Pittsburg are making arrangements for a grand ball, which is to come off at Braun's Dancing Academy in that city, on Wednesday evening, April 6th. Braun's Orchestra has been engaged for the occasion. The proceeds will go to the expenses of the club. A pleasant time may be anticipated.

COLUMBUS.

That Latest Circular from the Oral Camp.

VISITED BY OHIO'S GOVERNOR.

Society and Personal Mention.

(From our Columbus correspondent.)

A desperate cause requires desperate measures to accomplish its end. And this leads us to remark that the oral method comes under this head. Its advocates know that their cause can not stand on its own foundation, hence they are seeking underhand methods to accomplish their designs instead of coming out boldly and squarely.

If the oral method is the true system by which the deaf should or can only be taught why are its supporters afraid to say so openly. Instead of one of their principals is scattering broadcast circulars to schools and Institutions of the deaf, where the combined method is used begging the authorities thereof for their aid to emancipate the deaf from the use of signs and other evils. What a howl the oralists would send up, were those who favor the combined method to adopt their tactics, and seek to dissuade the teaching of speech to the deaf. But the combined method has no need to adopt such a course to gain favor and support. It stands upon its own work. Its results are its bulwark. The slurs cast upon it by those who are ignorant of the method, will do it no harm. On the contrary it will grow stronger, and those who are seeking to weaken it from motives foreign to the real welfare of the deaf, will be only too glad to back down from their high throne when they find that the combined method is the real method in educating the deaf. We fail to see where the sign language is an evil. Through its means we received our education. And just here it might be proper to remark that our loss of hearing occurred at the age of sixteen and one-half, and not till fifteen months later did we enter a school for the deaf, and then only remained six months. A year and a half later, when again enrolled as a pupil, a short stay in a class where pupils were taught by speech soon convinced us that to make any headway in general studies, the "speech class" was not the proper place. Hence we left it, and were only too glad to do so when permission was given.

If the sign language is an evil, then Messrs. Draper, Hotchkiss, Parkinson, Patterson, McGregor, Waitt, Fox, Jones, Schory, Teegarden, Crane, and many other distinguished deaf, must regret that they were taught under its influence. Then, too, there are others, though not having a college education, have made their mark. All these are grand monuments of the system. They speak louder than words.

Three-fourths of our pupils, when the question is left to themselves to decide whether they desire the oral as combined method, will choose the latter. Only the other day we questioned a pupil, who had been taught in an oral school in Germany, how he liked the school there. His reply was that he did not like it at all, and that he preferred the one he was in now.

Governor McKinley was the guest of Superintendent Clark and Trustees last Saturday evening for dinner. After the meal, he was escorted through the halls and the children given an opportunity to see him. Later he was brought to the parlor of the Superintendent and introduced to the teachers and others gathered there, a great many of whom were deaf residents of the city. Owing to the sickness of his wife, his stay was short, otherwise an exhibition of a literary character would have been given.

Mr. P. P. Pratt entertained Clonisia Society with an interesting talk on the "Merchant of Venice," and one or two other amusing stories, last Saturday evening.

Miss Meleta Scott, on her way home to Morgan Co., stopped here Thursday. She has been doing housework for some time past in Toledo, Ohio, to which she expects to return in the fall.

Mrs. John Moss, nee McLain, with Mrs. McDaniel, a sister of her husband, came over from Hilliards, Monday, and took the noon train for Hallsville, where they will spend some time visiting Mr. Moss' relatives.

Among other visitors here during the week were Mr. B. O. Sprague, of Erie's Station, and Mr. Lemuel Gibson, of Akron.

The girls have formed another club and it is known as the "Patterson Club." Its object is physical exercise outdoors and indoors. All monies collected from membership fees and fines, is to go to the Home Fund.

The Perry Club proposes to give an entertainment in the chapel next Saturday afternoon, from the proceeds of which it hopes to replenish its treasury and also share in doing something for the Home Fund.

Mr. Edward J. Scott, of the printing office, is home for a few days to seek health and rest.

Mr. Zorn has exchanged his bicycle for one of the Columbia stamp, and he says it's a daisy. Those who have seen it think so, too. He is the only one of the teachers who can lay claim to a two-wheel horse.

March 25, '93. A. B. G.

OLD HARTFORD.

It is a fact worthy of notice that reformed drunkards, as a rule, make the best temperance workers. For having, themselves, shared the ill-effects of strong drink, they are in a position to know whereof they speak, and hence put greater enthusiasm into their work. The pathetic stories which they relate of the sorrow, suffering, misery and disgrace brought upon themselves by the wine-cup go straight to the hearts of their hearers, and help to swell the interest in their work.

For some five weeks past a great temperance orator, Mr. Thomas E. Murphy by name, has been at work in this city. His father, Francis Murphy, is a reformed drunkard, like the late J. B. Gough. Since his reformation he has engaged zealously in the cause of temperance, and has secured the signatures of 3,000,000 pledges.

By nature he is a gifted orator, and his son, Thomas, inherits in a remarkable degree the same qualities. Indeed, the two men are alike in argument, gesture, voice, appeal, and love for fallen humanity. Five weeks ago, the son came to our city a stranger, and by his wonderful magnetism has succeeded in winning the love and respect of the whole community. He has held meetings in different parts of the city, and the crowds that have flocked to see and hear him, are simply marvelous to think of. Since he has been with us, over fourteen thousand persons have signed the pledge, and put on the blue ribbon. Among them are some of the most obdurate drinkers. Even two or three ex-saloon keepers, it is said, are among the reformers.

The children of our school had been looking forward to a visit from young Mr. Murphy for some time past, and last Thursday afternoon, the 23d, their expectations turned to reality. As soon as his arrival was announced, all of the officers and pupils assembled in the chapel. He was accompanied by Col. Thompson, of the city, who first made a felicitous speech of introduction. Then Mr. Murphy took the platform and warmed himself to his work. He is a ready speaker, and never fails to interest his audience. His remarks were interpreted by Principal Williams. He began by saying that he was happy to meet so large a gathering of children. Their faces, he said, looked bright and intelligent, and he could not be led to believe that a single one of them was addicted to drink. "No, you are a temperance body," said he, "but that alone does not make you perfect. Do you not sometimes tell lies?" He asked many such questions. Then he told the children some pathetic stories each having a moral to it. These stories were highly enjoyed by every one, and when he arrived at some funny point, he received a storm of applause.

When Mr. Murphy had finished speaking, Col. Thompson suggested that a number of pupils write out on the large slates the stories just related to them. This they did readily, in spite of the fact that it was an impromptu call. When Mr. Murphy looked over the stories, amazement was visible on his face, and he felt gratified that he had not spoken in vain.

When asked how many would like to sign the pledge and put on the blue ribbon, every hand went up. Some even raising both hands. To this Mr. Murphy remarked that in his ordinary assemblages, when he put this question, only a few scattering hands went up. But this body of deaf children beats everything. He was glad to see it, and the next day sent pledge cards and ribbons for all who desired them. After the exercises were over, Mr. Murphy stood in the doorway and shook the hands of everyone. The visit was one long to be remembered.

For some weeks past Miss Flora L. Noyes has been hard at work drilling a number of the older pupils for a stage play. She intended to have it take place on the eve of Fast Day, or on the following Saturday evening. But it was feared that a play of so jovial a nature might lead the pupils to think light of the solemn observance of the period. So it took place, last Saturday evening, the 25th. The title of the play was, "Scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the following is the programme with the names of the actors.

ACT I. Uncle Tom's Cabin.—ACT II. The St. Clare Family at Home.—ACT III. Eve going home.—ACT IV. Uncle Tom's Counsel.—ACT V. Mr. St. Clare's Death.—ACT VI. The Slave Market.—ACT VII. Uncle Tom's Solitude.—ACT VIII. The Death of Uncle Tom.

Uncle Tom.....Albert S. Hoyer.
Mr. St. Clare.....Leon Fowler.
Maria St. Clare.....Louise Acheson.
Little Eva.....Maudie Orley.
The Family Doctor.....Fred Pearce.
Miss Ophelia.....Debby H. Marshall.
Mrs. Shelby.....Jennie Robertson.
Mrs. Nobody.....Addie Hall.
Marks.....Thelphos Cossette.
Mr. Haley.....Fred Pearce.
Legrees.....Iris Harvey.
Chloe.....Lola E. Markham.
Emeline.....Bessie Sullivan.
Cecy.....Rosa Koton.
Sambo.....Tommy White.
Auctioneer.....Leon Fowler.
Topsy.....Flora L. Noyes.

It is said there is some probability of a baseball club being organized by the deaf-mutes of Pittsburg, the coming summer. It is known there will be some good material for a nine. It is sincerely hoped that success and encouragement will attend the club.

"Imperator" took in the production of "The Burglar" at the Greensburg, Pa. Theatre, last Friday night. To say that he enjoyed the play to his heart's content, does not half describe it. The performance was of a very interesting nature, from beginning to end.

Byran Painter, while strolling on Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, recently, was knocked down, and robbed of \$60 in cash. He soon came to his senses and found that the money had been stolen, and at once notified the police of the fact. They went in search of the robbers, but no trace of them was obtained.

The resident deaf of the city, and many speaking and hearing friends of our school, were invited to see the play. Every seat was occupied, and rows of chairs filled up the aisles, so that our chapel was literally packed with humanity. We noticed an improvement over former plays that have occurred in our chapel, in that programmes were distributed. Mr. Jenkins interpreted for the hearing portion of the audience. Masters Willie E. Shaw and Joseph C. Pierce

acted as ushers to the satisfaction of all.

And now a few words about the play itself. Well, taken as a whole it was a rare treat, and much enjoyed by every one present. The actors performed their parts almost to perfection, showing patient and careful drill on the part of Miss Noyes. The black faces on the stage were numerous, and often their identity afforded matter for much speculation. In the play were intermingled the sombre and the ludicrous. Often there were peals of laughter and applause, and then the scenes surrounding a deathbed were so real that many eyes were made dim with tears.

Miss Noyes, in the character of Topsy, acted her part to perfection. She wore for a dress a gunny bag with a large hole cut in the top for her neck, and one in each side for her arms. Her face, arms and hands were as black as burnt cork could make them, and her heart appeared as black as her complexion, for she was bent on mischief such as frightening the other actors, and stealing everything she could lay her hands on. She was as lively and vivacious as a bird, and a better dancer there would be hard to find. On the stage she was the centre of attraction, and received storms of applause. Debby Marshall, as Miss Ophelia, also received a fair share of attention. She wore an old fashioned hoop-skirt, and in appearance she was a thin, wiry, nervous woman. Her hoop-skirt bothered her much. Once it got entangled in a chair. Then she made a hasty retreat from the stage, dragging the chair after her, amid the roars of laughter from the audience. Albert S. Hoyer, in the character of Uncle Tom, also acted his part splendidly. He and little Eva were close companions, but when she was called away by death, his grief weighed heavily upon him. But at his death, he was more than gratified at seeing her stately figure appear in the glowing light of red fire before him. Iris Harvey made a splendid slaveholder. He looked more like a cowboy than anything else. He was cruel to the heart, and beat his slaves without mercy. We would like to go still further, and mention each of the actors, but our space and time forbid. Taken as a whole, the play was acknowledged to be one of the best that has been given in our chapel for years, and Miss Noyes justly deserves our congratulations. After the play was over, she was made the recipient of a handsome silver watch charm and pin, a gift from the pupils, in appreciation of her efforts to please them. Miss Fannie Knox, of this city, made the presentation speech.

The familiar face of Mr. R. D. Livingstone was seen at Miss Noyes' play, Saturday evening. He enjoyed the play greatly, and said it was well worth coming from Bridgeport, his home, to see.

Mr. O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass., stopped at Hartford, last week, on his way from Washington, D. C., where he had been called to see a sick uncle. He enjoyed his visit here greatly, and made many friends among us. He was present at Miss Noyes' play, and was made to laugh as he never laughed before.

SCRIBE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO THE PUBLIC:—All persons who are opposed to questionable schemes, a misappropriation of funds, or to the perpetration of frauds upon the community, are respectfully invited to be present at a public meeting of the deaf of New York and vicinity, in the Guild rooms of St. Ann's Church, 18th Street, West of 5th Avenue, Thursday evening, April 4th, at 8 o'clock, to hear the decision of the Investigation Committee (appointed by the German Charity Society) upon charges preferred by the said Society against its Secretary, George Lindemann, of appropriating the Society's funds to his own use.

If any of your friends or acquaintances fail to see this notice, please tell them that all are earnestly invited to be present.

In behalf of the Society,
S. NIBLER, Pres.

SUNDARY ITEMS.

Samuel H. Kee is living in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., where he has steady employment at good wages.

The infant grandson of Mrs. Anna Luiz, died on Saturday, March 25th, and was buried on the on the following Monday.

Last week, a little stranger came into the household of Mr. and Mrs. John Long, at Mt. Pleasant, Pa. It's a big, bouncing boy. Congratulations to the happy twin. It is trusted that they will find life doubly attractive in their home.

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CHICAGO.

"At the Government's Expense."

TILDEN'S "BEAR HUNTERS" IN CHICAGO.

The Deaf as Teachers

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

Efforts are being made to secure delegates to the World's Congress from France, at the Government's expense, and to this end Dr. Gillett kindly finished Douglas Tilden with the necessary credentials from Director-General Davis, to open a negotiation with the powers that be. He went to the United States Minister to France, who referred him to the resident United States Columbian Commissioner, Mr. Staunton, who, in turn advised him to request J. E. Gallaher, Secretary of the Committee on the World's Congress, to forward an application of the desired purport to the State Department at Washington, where it will then be forwarded to the United States Minister at Paris, and by him to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who will turn it over to the Minister of Public Instruction. Mr. Gallaher has done what was desired, and it is hoped that the letter will get through the interminable lines of red tape and circumlocution in time to accomplish the necessary object.

Douglas Tilden's bronze group, "The Bear Hunters," was unpacked at the Fair grounds Sunday, in common with the French Exhibit, and was mentioned by a local newspaper as one of the largest pieces of statuary received. Notwithstanding the croaking of the doubtful Thomases of this and other vicinities, present indications point to an unusual state of readiness at the opening day, much more advanced than at either Philadelphia in 1876, or Paris recently. The officials are at work seven days a week, and there are three relays of men unloading and placing in position day and night the various exhibits.

The many friends of Miss Mary Hagerty will be glad to hear that that amiable young Wisconsinian will spend the summer with relatives here.

Few cities can show a better state of affairs in the temporal welfare of the mutes than Chicago, and certainly no city of half its size. Of three hundred and odd grown men, all are engaged in more or less lucrative business with the exception of one. Deafness is no bar in any line of industrial pursuit that is not extra hazardous and does not require the sense of hearing. All that is necessary is sobriety, skill, and industry.

The sympathy of the mutedom is extended to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morton in the loss of their babe. Mrs. Morton had been staying in Vicksburg, Mich., all winter, and the babe was doing finely until a few weeks ago, when it caught a cold which settled in its bowels, and its tender constitution could not stand the fight and its spirit took flight Tuesday morning. Mrs. Morton is prostrated through grief and worn out with tending the sick bed, and went home to her mother, at Detroit, for a few weeks' rest.

The mute disciples of the art preservative of all arts seem to be doing well in Chicago. Ed. Holycross has been made a regular in his book office and Patsy Hillard was awarded regular cases on the *Times* Monday. Another Ohioan has been made a regular on Fridays and Saturdays on the *Tribune*.

The young scion of the house of David, Ed. H. Lef, is swelling all over over a new addition to his family circle in the shape of a brand new boy baby, who came Tuesday of last week. Uncle Mort Sonneborn is growing heavy strawberry blonde whiskers now, for the kid to pull.

The younger element of the Pas-a-Pas Club are rehearsing for a Wild West exhibition and shadow pantomime, to be given on the 17th of April next for the benefit of the World's Congress entertainment fund.

The progressive euchre party at Auburn Park was largely attended Saturday. Jack Bergler carried off the honors, Will White the second, and Patsy Hillard captured the booby prize.

Mr. Zorbaugh gave an interesting service at the Methodist Lyceum Sunday. Young men of Mr. Zorbaugh and Mr. Hasenstab's earnestness are appreciated best, and it is hoped that the church will be often honored with their presence and counsels.

Ed. L. Van Every, a skilled engraver of Detroit, spent quite a pleasant evening Sunday, with the old-time Michigan coterie here, while en route to Rockford, Ill.

Our young friend, Oscar H. Regensburg, is booked for a lecture at the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms, on the 8th of April. A full house will assuredly be present.

Miss Grace Rhodes left this neck o' the woods Wednesday for a few weeks' visit with her family near Kankakee, and it is said that a rising young grocerman is disconsolate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kleinbans have moved out to North Clark Street pending the search for a suitable flat.

Victor Swanson, of Sycamore, Ill., spent Sunday with his brother-in-law, Mr. Weller, of West Side.

THE DEAF AS TEACHERS.

As it has been well said, the deaf themselves will make the style of instruction, I think it a good idea to give the impression of a few of prominent Chicago mutes, thus:

J. E. Gallaher:—I derived the best results from those teachers that were deaf-mutes. There is a fellow feeling between the teacher and the pupil, which simplifies the task of instructing and receiving instruction. Being deaf themselves, they know by experience how to reach the deaf.

G. T. Dougherty:—My best training was given by the deaf teachers. The allegation that the loss of hearing, and the resultant inactivity of the vocal organs, degrades the deaf and renders them incapable of becoming successful teachers, is an insult to the intelligence of any man. Such teachers as McGregor, Draper, Hotchkiss, George Smith, (of Minnesota), and others, can not be surpassed by people in full possession of their hearing and speech.

C. C. Codman:—That claim was obviously erroneous, and made through a want of knowledge of the deaf teachers. I myself was benefited most by the deaf teachers.

G. E. Morton:—I learned more during the four years I was under deaf teachers than I did in the same length of time in a public (hearing) school, and have no hesitation in saying that that allegation made in New York is untrue.

Mrs. G. T. Dougherty:—That is a cruel injustice to the deaf. My experience as a pupil, and subsequently as a teacher, is that the deaf are fully as capable as, and, in some lines superior to the hearing ones as teachers. They are in touch with their pupils, and have an experience to look back to, to help them out.

Mrs. J. E. Gallaher:—It is a shame that such a suggestion should have come to be made. It is devoid of truth, as far as my experience and observations go.

James I. Sansom:—I have derived the best results and secured a more enduring foundation for my subsequent school training from deaf teachers.

The above are the opinions of those who know what they say, and is unequivocally indorsed by

BOHEME.

PORTCHESTER.

A large gathering of deaf-mutes met at the residence of Mrs. D. S. Betts on Friday evening, March 17th, and shortly before nine o'clock, they silently made their way to No. 73 Smith St., where they were ushered into the parlors of Mrs. L. G. Marshall. After all were seated Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were called upstairs and their surprise at seeing the faces of their many friends is beyond description. The occasion was a "surprise birthday party," given to Mrs. Marshall, and so well did the committee, consisting of Mr. G. W. Odell, Mrs. R. J. Martling and Miss A. S. Betts, carry out their part, that as stated above, all were seated in the rooms before Mr. and Mrs. Marshall had even an idea of such a thing.

After the first greetings were over, Mr. G. W. Odell made a short address. Mrs. R. J. Martling then took the stand, and after a short speech, presented in behalf of the Portchester friends, a fine plush rocker and two bed spreads, also a very pretty quilt, from Mrs. S. A. Blakely. Mr. John Muth then presented from the Bridgeport friends half a dozen silver teaspoons, one-fourth dozen tablespoons, a sugar shell, brush and crumb tray, and some pretty glass dishes. Mrs. James D. Bartlett gave a very fine tablecloth, Mr. McMeen, a large box of candies, manufactured in the establishment in which he works; and Mr. J. W. Redmond gave a very pretty wine set. After the presentation, Mrs. Marshall was called upon for a speech, but the surprise was too much for her, and they had to be content with a few remarks from her husband, instead. Games were then introduced and fun reigned supreme. Most of the popular games were played. Mr. G. W. Odell by common consent being leader. Those who wished for quieter amusement found quiet games, books, etc., while small group of friends assembled to renew old friendships.

At twelve o'clock, they repaired to the dining room where a bountiful supper was provided, as the friends had not forgotten to bring enough, as was testified by the many mysterious bundles, boxes and baskets.

Among those present were Mrs. James D. Bartlett and son Melzar, and Mrs. Fish, of North Guilford; Messrs. George C. Williams, John H. McCue, and Miss Tillie Axt, of New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Nevers and sons, and Miss Tillie Herich, of East Norwalk; Mrs. A. F. Marshall, Mr. Gilbert F. Marshall, Misses Edith and Rosa Marshall, Master Joe Marshall, Messrs. Richard Martin, Robert D. Livingston, John Muth, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cook, of Bridgeport; Messrs. James H. McMeen and Hiram Black, of New York; Messrs. George W. Odell and Jerry Drum, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Blakesley, Mrs. Mary Burnett, Mrs. John Finnon, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Martling, Misses Annie and Minnie Betts and Master D. Edward Betts, of Port Chester.

The party did not break up till the dawn broke in the east, when the weary but happy ones departed, some to return to their homes, while others were compelled to return to their usual fields of labor.

